



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 13. No. 12. 1st February, 1941.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 13. No. 12



1st February, 1941

Chairman:

W. W. HILL

Treasurer:

S. E. CHATTERTON

Committee:

H. C. BARTLEY
GEORGE CHIENE
DAVID A. CRAIG
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD

Secretary:

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 17th May, 1941.

The Club Man's Diary

TATTERSALL'S CLUB'S GREAT WAR RECORD

BIG CHEQUE HANDED OVER

Representative citizens paid glowing tributes to the upstanding service rendered patriotic movements by Tattersall's Club, by co-operation with special appeals, by efforts within the club, by contributing net profits of its race meetings to war funds, and, most recently, by setting aside to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W. the net profits of Carrington Stakes day, the first day of its annual meeting at Randwick on December 28 and January 1.

The occasion was a gathering in the club on January 30, when the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) handed over to the Lord Mayor (Ald. Crick), in his capacity as chairman of the Lord Mayor's Fund, a cheque for £5,216/11/2, net profits of Carrington Stakes day.

SUMMARISED from the speeches are these acknowledgements which serve to show the high recognition accorded the club's policy constantly to give of its best in service to national war effort:

Tattersall's Club has always been a staunch supporter of patriotic movements. I regard it as a privilege to be a member of the club—The Lord Mayor (Ald. Crick).

Tattersall's Club always has been in the forefront of patriotic service. In that worthy work the A.J.C. committee will be always with the club—Mr. E. J. Watt, A.J.C. committee.

If any institution could have made a success of the day it was Tattersall's Club. I congratulate the club on that success, and I am certain that it will repeat such splendid service in the good cause—Sir John Butters, chairman of directors, Associated Newspapers.

I congratulate the club. I trust that the fixture will be made an annual one—Mr. Frank Packer, managing director, Consolidated Press.

The club's effort was a grand success in a grand cause—Mr. S. T. Bennett, secretary of the Retail Traders' Association, representing the president, Sir Sydney Snow.

THE CHAIRMAN announced apologies from the following: Sir Alfred Davidson, joint hon. treasurer, Lord Mayor's Patriotic and

War Fund; Sir Sydney Snow, president, Retail Traders' Association; Mr. George Main, chairman, Australian Jockey Club; Mr. R. R. Dan-

Mr. C. T. Docker, hon. director of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund, was unavoidably absent.

The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) acknowledged the support forthcoming from all quarters which, he said, assured the success of the day before the gates were opened. He repeated the list of those persons who, and those institutions which, had made special contributions, and rounded off the tribute by saying: "Everybody was very ready and very generous."

"Money was a factor, and a very important factor," he added, "but the greatest contribution to success was the goodwill of all our workers, including the Lord Mayor, who was available at all times for consultation and very practical co-operation."

Here the Chairman read a letter from one on active service to show that comforts provided from the Lord Mayor's Fund were taken right up to the front line.

"As the number of our fighting forces increases so will the demands on our liberal giving increase. There must be no slackening in our efforts," the Chairman said. "We have a record of 83 years' of giving in good causes, and we must live up to it, remembering that we are the trustees for the time being of those whom in the beginning established our tradition. With pride we announce that during the seventeen months of the present war our record compares favourably with past achievements."



Mr. W. W. Hill (right), Chairman of Tattersall's Club, presents the Lord Mayor (Alderman Crick) with a cheque for £5,216/11/2 for the Patriotic and War Fund. The cheque represents profits from the Club's Carrington Stakes day meeting at Randwick on December 28.

gar, A. J. C. committee; Mr. P. Tait, A.J.C. committee; Mr. H. McClure Smith, Editor, Sydney Morning Herald; Mr. Albert Ross, of Ross Bros.

In regretting, at the last minute, his unavoidable absence, Mr. T. Watson, Liquor Trade of N.S.W., forwarded to the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) a message of warm personal greeting and congratulated the club on the success of the day.

In the absence of Mr. Watson, Mr. N. H. Connolly represented the Liquor Trade of N.S.W.

Mr. E. J. Watt, A.J.C. committee, said: "All members of the club, from the Chairman down, deserve the greatest credit. It is on the cards that this year a day will be set apart at Randwick each for the Red Cross and the Lord Mayor's Fund. On patriotic days the popularity of the stall conducted by Tattersall's Club has been proved by the difficulty in getting near it to make purchases, owing to the density of the crowds surrounding it.

Mr. Frank Packer said that a great deal of the success of the day was due to the drive put into the effort by the Lord Mayor and the Chairman of the club.

Mr. John A. Roles, representing the bookmaking members of the club, said that the bookmakers had always proved themselves generous givers to patriotic funds and to charity, and they could be counted on to play their part. He acknowledged tributes paid by previous speakers to the contribution made by bookmakers.

The Lord Mayor (Ald. Crick) said: "I question whether in the time I have been Lord Mayor I enjoyed anything so much as Tattersall's Club's meeting. In whatever service I rendered I was assisted admirably by the Chairman and by the Secretary. Mr. Hill is a member of the executive of the Lord Mayor's Fund. I still think Tattersall's Club very fortunate in having such an excellent Chairman."

Ald. Crick accepted the cheque from the Chairman, and the gathering drank success to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

* * *

When a fellow says to another, "He was a good old football pal of mine," he says everything as a tribute. That goes for whether you played with him or against him. Than the bond of the game there is nothing more enduring. Even it is so whether you or he got in first occasionally in the scrimmages. The game of football leaves no spiritual scars.

When Jimmy Clarken was hooking for the famous "Dirty Reds," in the glorious days of the Rugby Union game—the early nineteen-hundreds

Dr. Howard Bullock was one of the stalwarts of Sydney University pack. The other day they met again—Jimmy as patient, Dr. Bullock as surgeon. And when the Doctor was about to hand Jimmy over to the care of the nurses he said: "Take every care of him—he was a good old football pal of mine." Then, smiling as the scenes of other days unwound, Dr. Bullock added: "Yes, indeed, he used to bite my legs."

Jimmy Clarken was not only one of the greatest of the great Glebe forwards—he repped for Australia. Many will turn their thoughts to him at this moment and say affectionately: "He was a good old football pal of mine."

By the way, Jimmy Clarken figured with Harald Baker in a number



Left to right: Mr. Frank D. Packer, Chairman of Directors, "Daily Telegraph;" The Treasurer, Mr. S. E. Chatterton (is obscured), The Lord Mayor, Alderman Crick, The Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, Mr. E. J. Watt, representing A.J.C., Mr. J. A. Roles, representing Bookmaking Members, Sir John Butters, K.B., Chairman of Directors, "The Sun."

of heroic surf rescues on the one day, sometime back in 1911.

* * *

There is one joke all the world over, that never stales—the one about married life. It is told, with variations, in countries where the men marry the women, and in others (not so civilised) where the women marry the men; also in spots where flourish polygamy and polyandry.

Solomon the Magnificent, alike Solomon the punter and pawnbroker, heard it told about himself. They both laughed, and we keep on laughing, because the joke about the married-life joke is that it's no joke.

For all that, what I want to know is why, if all the comedians be right

in their sly references to the soul-destroying, freedom-snatching exactions of married life, marriage itself should anno domini 1941 (anno lucis 5000 odd)—remain the most popular of human institutions.

The answer is to be found surely in the married lives of true lovers such as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buckle. On January 8, amid the congratulations of members of the family and numerous friends, they celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding—January 8, 1891, at the residence of the bride's parents, Pyrmont, by the Rev. R. S. Paterson, Francis Buckle to Dora Grant.

On that day, 50 long years ago, they promised to be true one to the other, to share the burdens, as much the blessings, of life. To those vows they were faithful. And so they lived happy ever afterward. Standing on the threshold of 1941, looking back over the years to 1891, they knew that the fairy story of their youth had come true.

* * *

Leaders in the motor industry, who are members of this club, received high marks of distinction from their fellow traders in recent times.

Mr. Allan H. Cheetham, managing director in N.S.W. for Standard Cars Ltd., has been unanimously appointed president of the Chamber of Automotive Industries of N.S.W., in succession to Mr. W. R. Hauslaib.

Mr. Ernest J. Hazell, managing director of Westcott Hazell and Co. Ltd., has been unanimously appointed president of the Automobile Accessory Wholesalers' Assn. of N.S.W.

Our congratulations to Mr. T. Nicholson on his appointment as assistant secretary of the A.J.C. at a meeting of that body on 17th Jan., 1940. Mr. Nicholson succeeded the late Lieut.-Col. W. P. Farr.

* * *

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Mr. W. T. Wood; 2nd, Mr. E. E. Hirst, Mr. A. V. Miller; 6th, Mr. C. O. Chambers, Mr. T. S. Prescott; 8th, Mr. A. J. M. Kelly; 11th, Mr. S. W. Griffith; 13th, Mr. H. Norton, Mr. A. J. Matthews; 25th, Mr. H. S. Clissold.

(Continued on Page 5.)



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Actuary for Australia and N.Z., L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A.
New South Wales A. F. GLEED, Manager

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children

Proverbs 13, 22.

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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

The coming of a comet (visible recently in our sky) at a time of the close proximity of two bright planets, Saturn and Jupiter, suggested to scientists that the great star that guided the Wise Men to Bethlehem so long ago may have been a comet.

A comet of 4 B. C., about the time of the Nativity, is recorded by the Chinese to have been visible for 70 days. Dr. Edwin B. Frost, noted astronomer, thought that the Star of Bethlehem might have been a nova, or exploding star. The recent proximity of the two bright planets is part of a triple conjunction that previously took place 258 years ago, in 1682 and 1683, and before that in the year 7B.C.

The great astronomer, Kepler, was so impressed by the conjunction of those two planets, Saturn and Jupiter, in 1604, that he figured back and found that in the year generally accepted as the Nativity those two planets were not only close together, as they were recently, but had been joined by the planet Mars, to form an extraordinary sight in the sky. No wonder the Wise Men wondered why—.

* * *

A VISION.

England soon will take the offensive mightily in the air against Germany.—cable.

I saw the stricken giant rise

Where wounded wept and moaned,

And loose into the purple skies

A myriad wasps, which droned

A dirge of vengeance as they rose

O'er river, field and spire,

Then dipped deep down on the giant's foes

And dropped their stings of fire.

* * *

A blood-streak shoots through Dover's haze . . .

'Tis Berlin dying in the blaze.

—THE CLUB MAN

Wireless telephone conversation between Hitler and Mussolini, tapped on the sport-wave set by the Club Man's valet:

Hitler: How are things since Bardia?

Musso: They're hard-ia, old pard-ia

Hitler: I see they took Tobruk-ia

Musso: Signor, it was stiff luck-ia

Hitler: Beware the British fleet-ia

Musso: Don't worry, we wont meet-ia

Hitler: I'm told their guns shoot straight-ia.

Musso: That's why we never wait-ia

Hitler: Your ships go helter-skel-tia

Musso: A sailor's fond farewell-tia.

* * *

Here's the story of how Churchill when correspondent during the South African war for "The Morning Post," escaped from Pretoria:

By climbing upon freight cars at night, and by crawling in the shadows, Churchill had accomplished some part of his journey to the Portuguese frontier; but at last his brave heart even was beaten. Starving and dead beat, he came to the conclusion that it would be better to return to Pretoria and imprisonment than to die of exhaustion and exposure on the veldt. He made up his mind to surrender to the first Dutchman he met.

It was dark and he saw the lights of a hamlet before him. He selected one lighted window and went to the door and knocked. The door was opened, not by a Dutchman, but by a Scotsman who had settled in the Transvaal after the Majuba Campaign. This Scotsman, though a nationalised burgher, saw Winston Churchill through and got him to the frontier.

If he had chanced upon any other house in the hamlet he would have fallen amongst thieves. Could an escaped prisoner have had a greater stroke of luck than this?

* * *

Death of Mr. F. V. Richards removed one of Sydney's best-known business men and one of its keenest

sporting enthusiasts. He was assisted in his business of F. V. Richards and Coy. by his two sons, Alec and Vic. Of these he was also big brother and pal. Into their sporting activities he entered with relish, and was in every sense a pattern of sportsmanship on which the boys moulded their careers.

Both Alec and Vic. are swimmers of account, and Vic. was one of the finest players produced by the Rugby Union game in recent years. His position was five-eighth. He captained N.S.W. on several occasions, represented Australia against South Africa and New Zealand, and was chosen as a member of the Wallabies whose tour of Britain was called off on the outbreak of war. Like their father before them, Alec and Vic. Richards are members of this club.

* * *

Ham is a place in Germany where there is an important railway junction, and which the R.A.F. is constantly bombing. Evidently the name tickled the English people, for a recent B.B.C. broadcast heard in Australia released this Limerick:—

A R.A.F. pilot said: "Damn!

To-morrow I'm not bombing Ham.

And it's quite on the cards

That the marshalling yards

Will not be at Ham when I am."

* * *

On the racecourse, I find always something to envy in the outward calm and contentment of the pipe smoker. I am not making it personal about Mr. J. O. Meeks as a type of the pipe, compared with others we might survey as slaves of the cigarette. I ask you to contrast the aplomb of the former in all vicissitudes.

You may seldom read in the confident mien of the pipe man how he's faring; but the cigarette chappie telegraphs the news in his grimaces and nervous manifestations in general. Almost he puffs out his soul-stirrings, while the other burns off

(Continued on Page 7.)

RACING FIXTURES

1941

FEBRUARY

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Ascot Wednesday, 12th
 Kensington Saturday, 15th
 Kensington Wednesday, 19th
 Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th

MARCH

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Moorefield Saturday, 15th
 Ascot Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 26th
 Rosehill Saturday, 29th

APRIL

Victoria Park Wednesday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 9th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. Monday, 14th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 Ascot Wednesday, 23rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 26th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 30th

MAY

City Tattersall's Saturday, 3rd
 Kensington Wednesday, 7th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 10th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 14th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 17th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 24th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 28th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

JUNE

Ascot Wednesday, 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. Monday, 16th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 25th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 28th

JULY

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Victoria Park Saturday, 5th
 Kensington Wednesday, 9th
 Moorefield Saturday, 12th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 16th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 19th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 23rd
 Ascot Saturday, 26th
 Ascot Wednesday, 30th

AUGUST

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 Rosebery Saturday, 16th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 20th
 Moorefield Saturday, 23rd
 Ascot Wednesday, 27th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

SEPTEMBER

Kensington Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 10th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 13th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 18th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 Ascot Wednesday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 20th
 Kensington Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. Friday, 26th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 27th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 31st

The Club Man's Diary

Continued from Page 5.)

his emotions (if any) in the bowl of his pipe, like so much remnant or wastage.

It is not an issue of which is the better—the pipe or the cigarette. That's decided by individual taste and conditioned by habit. I have found both forms of smoking satisfying. Not to forget the meditative and social cigar. All claim their devotees. If pipes, as a rule, are the favoured of the calm and contented, there is much evidence to associate cigarettes with the brilliantly restive.

* * *

The teacher told his class of junior boys that they should take a cold bath every morning and it would make them feel rosy all over. One little lad, on being asked if there were any other question, said: "Yes, sir, tell us some more about Rosey."

* * *

Opinion of an English sporting writer: The British and Irish thoroughbred is the product of over 300 years of selective breeding based entirely on the racecourse test. Apart from the millions of capital invested in bloodstock, studs, training establishments and racecourses, what has been accomplished is surely worth preserving during the stress of a great war, having regard to all national considerations of more vital importance.

RURAL MEMBERS

*Mr. Hugh Munro of 'Keera,'
Bingara.*

Hugh Munro of 'Keera' has thoroughly earned the popularity he enjoys round Bingara and district. A sportsman in every sense of the word, Hugh has played a big part in the progress of his home town where never a call has been made on his services but which met with ready response.

A leader in rural affairs, Hugh can with pride point to his 'back-yard' which official figures give as being 44,700 acres in area and sustaining 137 horses, 1336 cattle and 17,000 sheep. Not all the prads referred to are used for pulling ploughs for there hardly ever was a time when 'H.M.' did not have a string of speedsters in train for other purposes. At the moment his Red Thespian is carrying the Munro colours to some purpose on Sydney courses. And 'Red' is only one of many champions to have come from that spot referred to above which is situate 380 miles north of where our club stands. Extremely young for his years, Hugh walks with upright gait and is hail fellow well met with all. May his shadow never grow less is the ardent wish of associates.

*Mr. Henry E. Arthur of Curra
Station, Peak Hill.*

Henry ('Harry') Arthur of Curra Station has spent a lifetime in Peak Hill where he is well known as the Post Office. His property is referred to as a model for new chums for Harry always possessed the knack of doing the right thing at the right time.

A sportsman and lover of all sporting activities there was a time when the 'Squire of Curra' had a crack at them all. He left his mark, too, and present-day contestants on the cricket field, the tennis courts, golf clubs etc., can turn up his name and give details of derring do when Harry operated yesteryear. A well known Parkes identity (same district as Harry's) made the following statement during the past month which puts in a nutshell all the writer is endeavouring to convey. "Harry Arthur!" quoth he, "One of the finest men on the land. I have had dealings with him, in a large way, over 30 years or more, and have never known a buyer or seller to have a grouch. Further than that, I could tell of deals made from Harry's flock which were put through on his word and without inspection."

These days, visits to Sydney are not so frequent as of yore but, when they do occur, they are much more prolonged. Everyone is happy about that.

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HILL AND DALE GOLF

Its Peculiarities

I happen to play the great majority of my golf on a links which can be termed exceedingly flat, a course on which the stances obtained are invariably nearly level. There are natural hills and undulations to be found here and there on this course, but they are few and far between. Again on the other hand, there are a number of minor hills and undulations which have been fashioned by the hand of man, but the majority of those are either on the putting-green, or in very close proximity to it. The fact is, this particular links is one which is exceptionally flat and the golf architect who designed it has made very commendable efforts to add to its interest by the means of creating a certain imitation of nature, but these creations only serve to prove how sadly inefficient man is when he attempts to improve on nature. A short time ago I found necessity to wander away to a neighbouring course, one which, by the wildest stretch of imagination, cannot be termed flat; in fact, the hills and dales are on such a monumental scale that the architect when planning the course found it necessary to utilise that portion of the ground which would not necessitate a peculiarly stiff climb up a hill, or an equally sharp descent into the valley, and even when he had taken advantage of the flattest portion of the ground at command he, nevertheless, found it necessary to carve many of the putting-greens out of the sides of the hills.

Putting Green Where You Pitch Away From the Hole.

No doubt many readers are acquainted with this stamp of links, the one on which you seldom attempt to play your approach shots directly at the pin simply for the reason that generally it is the most inadvisable thing to do. The best manner in which to prevail upon the ball to remain close to the hole is to hammer it hard against one of the ramparts of "cushions," and provided that you have sufficient knowledge to select the correct "cushion," the ball must come back off it somewhere near to the hole. Of course, there is a big ele-

ment of chance in this method of approaching, but perhaps not quite such an element as many would be inclined to consider. To prove this fact one has only to watch the local experts tackling these problems. They invariably pick off the correct spot on the right or left hand cushion to a nicety, and the ball will be seen trickling back to the hole as if drawn there by a magnet.

Hilly Golf Develops One Stamp of Approach.

These up hill and down the dale courses, with the greens carved into the hillside, may not call for a supreme test of golfing ability in that there is but one class of approach shot to play, and that is the confident bold stroke for a position beyond the hole, and in consequence there are greatly missing many of the delicate class of approaches which have to be judged to a matter of a few yards. But, after playing on a flat course for many months in the year I must cordially acknowledge that I thoroughly enjoyed the experience of playing on this hilly links on which I could slam the ball at the back of the putting-green in the most confident manner. At first I could not make up my mind to strike the ball sufficiently firmly to prevail upon it to hit the embankment hard enough, the old, old fear of seeing the ball careering yards beyond the hole was within me, but after I had played a couple of rounds I found myself hitting the approach shots just as firmly at the back of the green as the oldest and most experienced habitue of links. It is a relief, and quite a delightful feeling, to be able to play an approach shot without any thought in regard to the possibility of the ball finishing yards away past the hole; in fact, practically the only way in which you could ensure the ball coming to rest some distance beyond the pin was by the means of not hitting it hard enough to reach the far embankment.

Element of Chance.

Some critics will tell you that this golf of the "back slap" variety is not golf at all, but merely a matter

of chance, and in a sense there may be some truth in the contention, but it is not a little remarkable that on links of this character the good players can manage to concede the indifferent players much the same odds that they can on courses of the more orthodox and classic variety. That this hill and dale stamp of golf, if too freely indulged in, is apt to breed or create a stamp of golfer who can play a very limited repertoire of strokes is probably very correct. And, again, he is invariably playing the majority of his shots through the medium of what he knows about the peculiarities of the ground and not by what he sees, and there is not a big call on his sense of judgment of distance in that he can play the majority of the shots which count in one way, and that way is exceedingly firm. When the hill and dale golfer comes to play on a comparatively flat links he will probably be all at sea for a considerable time, and will sadly misjudge the greater number of his approaches. The man who is in the habit of playing on the flat links will no doubt be equally at sea when he first comes to tackle the hill and dale course, but it is not a difficult matter to quickly acquire the necessary knowledge in regard to distances owing to the presence of landmarks on the hilly course.

Peculiarity of Hillside Putting Greens.

Of course, the task of putting on greens which are carried into the side of a hill is, at first, peculiarly difficult as the level of the green is never quite what it appears to be. You get on the far side of the green and it looks as if you had to putt up a hill, but you will find that you are actually putting slightly downhill. It will be found, however, that nearly all putting greens of this class run the way of the big hill in which they have been carved, but to the stranger it is not a little difficult to make up your mind to allow for a borrow from one side of the hole, when your eyes will persist in telling you that the borrow is surely from the other side.

—*Golf in Australia.*

Gog and Magog will Rise Again

By Edward Samuel

Gog and Magog have died before. They have always come back again, immortal as the spirit of London. Aloft in the Guildhall they embodied quaint antiquity. Magog, hand on hip, looked bored with pomp and banqueting. His twin looked sad. Now they are ashes, and Hermann triumphs for a time.

Once the two were one giant, a northern Goliath, with many brethren. So at least the old myth says. It was when our isle was Albion, and Brut the Trojan had come as a refugee to settle there. It was a pleasant land and richly forested with oak and elm, but in the greenwood great giants roared and prowled. But when they attacked the camp the valorous men of Troy drove them off, killed some and captured one. He was Goemagot, both our giants in one. Now Corineus the Trojan was a mighty wrestler, and he looked on the captive monster with appraising eyes. The two stripped and closed, and filled the air with breathless gasping. Three of Corineus' ribs were broken, two on the right side and one on the left, and so wroth was he that he heaved Goemagot high, ran to the clifftop and hurled the deadly monster to the rocks below.

So it seems that there may have been only one giant, and that the name was corrupted by its similarity to those of the princes of Meshech in Ezekiel's prophecy. Others say that the Welsh Cawr-Madog gave the names. This means "the giant of Madog," who was the offspring of an evil spirit and a daughter of Diocletian, the last imperial persecutor of the Church. In this case it is a good thing that Corineus dealt with him.

Dead giants, however, never lie down, and Goemagot haunted the myths of south-east England. In 1492, while Columbus was more usefully employed, we find the Corporation of Plymouth using public money to cut in the turf at the Hoe, "the pourdradure of two men with clubbes in their handes." These, say the records of the Corporation, were Gogmagog and Corineus. Dis-

liking invaders, and remembering Ezekiel, the local population eliminated Corineus, and it was doubtless as Gog and Magog that the two giants watched Drake play bowls, and saw Phillip of Spain fail to follow Brut of Troy and the infamous Duke of Normandy. Even Spenser, who uses the correct form Goemagot in the *Faerie Queene*, could not revive Corineus. He gave his name to Cornwall, said the myth-makers, as Brut gave his to Britain and departed. And all the King's

mean anything, are the Gogmagog Hills. According to the man of 1593, Atlas put them there, thoughtfully enough, "to the end that schollers should walke thether sometime." And Atlas, he continues, was related to Corineus, "of whom you may see the image in the Yealdhall of London." In 1597 Bishop Hall speaks of:

*The crabtree porter of the Guildball gates
While he his frightful beetle elevates.*



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL, 1938

Sir Frank Bowater, new Lord Mayor; on the right, the retiring Lord Mayor; the late Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain. On the left of the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, the Archbishop of Canterbury; next to His Grace, Lord Bledisloe (former Governor of New Zealand); Sir John Simon at the other end.

horses and all the King's men have since been unable to make one giant out of Gog and Magog.

In London, references going back to 1415 associate two giants with civic processions. In 1522 they are dubbed Hercules and Samson. In 1558 the same pair celebrate a pageant of Queen Elizabeth in heroic verse. Then the Guildhall appears. In 1593 someone wrote of "two hills of chalke neere Cambridge." These ridges, the site of a Roman camp, if coins of Nero found there

The next year a German came to England. Describing the Guildhall he speaks of the statues of Corineus of Britain and Gogmagog of Albion, who helped the British against the Romans. It seems then that the Guildhall had its statues at least 340 years ago.

The Great Fire in 1666 burnt them both. Temporary replacements were soon in position, for the Lord Mayor hired both in 1672 for the Show. His Worship had to sign a

(Continued on Page 14.)

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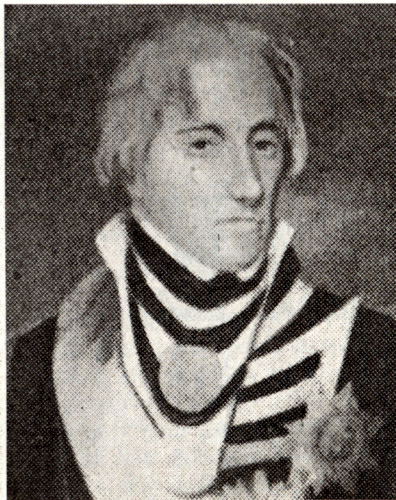
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When Nelson Met Wellington



Nelson and Wellington met only once, and then by chance, without at first recognising one another. Here we have a highlight of history, and might imagine one gentleman addressing the other: "Pardon me, sir, but I haven't the pleasure of your name." To which the other replies: "Wellington is my name."



Lord Nelson.

Then the enquirer: "Pleased to meet you—my name's Nelson."

Extraordinary that such celebrities should not have been acquainted previously; but those were times when people were not "in the news" as they say to-day, and a notability might go about his job of winning the Battle of the Nile or the Battle of Waterloo without being stalked by a man with a close-up camera and "publicised" in the pictorial press.

Wellington was eleven years the junior of Nelson, and their one and only meeting was told by John Wilson Croker, describing a con-

versation at the Duke of Wellington's home, Walmer Castle, in 1834. Croker wrote:

"We were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. 'Why' said the Duke, 'I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and there I was shown into the little waiting room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman whom, from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm, I immediately recognised at Lord Nelson.

"He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me—if I can call it conversation—for it was almost all on his side, and all about himself, and in really a style so vain and silly as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I may have happened to say may have made him guess that I was somebody, and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt, to ask the office keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter.

"All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probability of affairs on the Continent

with a good sense and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad that surprised me equally, and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman.

"The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly for the



The Duke of Wellington.

last half or three-quarters of an hour I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more.

"Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but, luckily, I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man, but certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw."

Fancy the nerve of a Secretary of State keeping "long waiting" two such men of destiny!

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Billiardists Are Gaining Weight

They are Unique in the Realm of Sport

Billiards holds a unique position in the sports world in that it is the only game where weight has increased during recent years.

Time was when experts went to no end of trouble to select a cue weighing round about 14½oz to 15½oz. These times the popular choice ranges from 16 to 18oz whilst there are champions who use a 19oz stick to some purpose. Clark McConachy, probably the second best player in the world after Walter Lindrum, is such a one.

Nowadays less 'side' is used by the best players for Lindrum has shown that accurate tapping to definite objectives is far more profitable than the spectacular screw and 'side-taking' shots of yore. For that reason alone the heavier cue is an advantage and tends to better cueing.

It cannot be denied that, over the last 20 years, all sports have come on apace. Champions of yesteryear hardly retain a record.

One may well ask why the reason for it is not assumed our forbears were less physically adapted to particular sports than the present-day crop. No, science has entered into the scheme of things and produced superior tools of trade.

Thirty years back tennis racquets ranged up to 16oz. To-day manufacturers are turning out a much stronger article, streamlined and ef-

ficient but 2oz less. There is no comparison between the two articles for effectiveness on the courts.

Cricket bats used to pull the scales up to 3lbs but 2lbs 4oz would be the average to-day.

Charlie Macartney, when in his prime, favoured a heavy bat and, for a period he was ranked world's No. 1 wielder of the willow, but he never used a 3lb 'waddy.' On the other hand Don Bradman gets along very nicely with a bat weighing 2lb 6oz and few will argue he does not hit as hard, and as often, as anyone the game has known.

Fishing rods are lighter than formerly. The old fashioned and enormous two-handed rods once used for salmon fishing are now used as exhibits in museums; trout rods, built delicately of split cane can now be bought to weigh five ounces and yet capable of casting a fly or holding a fish better than their ancestor weighing a pound or more.

Golf caddies must view with delight the enormous change in weights of golf kits.

Those players who go out with a full bag would, under the old order of things require a retinue of carriers.

Remember the old driver which was rightly nicknamed the 'dreadnought?'. To-day the only really heavy 'stick' is the niblick and the

steel shafts of modern implements has added distance and accuracy. With them, our Australian amateur champion, Jim Ferrier, holed six consecutive birdies during his amazing round of 62 in the State Close Championship of 1936 which was contested on Manly course. Incidentally, Ferrier is having a great time in America. Recently he won a trophy at Miami which was valued at £50 and on another occasion an Elgin watch worth £20 found its way into the Ferrier waistcoat. Jim will probably start as a radio retailer on his return to Sydney; he has won, to date, four magnificent sets of latest de-luxe type and his tour is not nearly finished!

Footballs, although not lighter to any degree than formerly have been made more efficient by concealed sewing and they feel lighter.

Everything has been improved, and that is why, probably, moderns are able to produce results almost ad. lib., which would have staggered fans in days gone by.

Strange though, that the only sphere where weight has been added is in billiards. We stand alone. We cueists are unique in the realm of sport. We like weight, and, alas, a goodly heap of us add a bit to ourselves—a bit we would like to do without.



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Gog and Magog Will Rise Again

(Continued from Page 9.)

paper that they would be restored intact, his procession being more lively then than now. Long obscurity follows, a lapse, in fact, of a century, during which account books containing facts and figures about the giants perished by fire in the Chamberlain's office. Fire is no novelty to Gog and Magog. Nor are rats. Rats ate the entrails of the wicker substitutes put after the Great Fire, and somewhere during the eighteenth century the effigies which perished recently were placed in position. Writing in 1815 someone says, "I stood upright in the body of Gog. The images are composed of pieces of fir, and I am informed were the production of a ship-carver." Dimensions follow. They are wearisome as dates, which have served our purpose.

And our purpose is simply to show that it was a chapter only, and not a story, which was closed by the fire-bombs.

Gog and Magog were symbols of a deathless thing.

That ancient religious urge which peopled the world with monsters brought them and their myth to birth. The Greeks had their Titans, the East its Djinnns, the Maoris Maui, and the taniwha. The same superstition carved the great white horses on the chalk hills of southern England, and perhaps set up Stonehenge. Strange finds of fossil monsters in cliffs and pits may have fathered the fables. Indeed, huge jaws and teeth were found on Plymouth Hoe itself when forts were built there eighty years ago.

But what the giants once meant matters little. That is Chesterton's point in his ballad of Alfred and the Danes. In Guthrum, the king fights Barbary, and behind the battle stands like a symbol the carved white horse on the Wessex hillside. The figure fades, for creeping grass and weed obscure the outlines and undo the toils of men. Comes peace, and busy spades cleanse and restore the ancient pagan workmanship. "Because," says Chesterton,

"only Christian men guard even heathen things."

It is profoundly true. All ancient thought, the poet meant, is fertile in new ways in the soil of Christian liberty. The faith creates, and builds all that man has done into the fabric. The Dane came, as the Nazi comes, with burning brand and sword. He lives to destroy, a curse and accursed. Not so the Christian man. Even old myths, old symbols, grim or whimsical, find new and gentle meanings in the new tradition which takes the best of all the past and baptises it with usefulness. Witness the cleansed hillside horse, witness Christmas, witness Gog and his brother.

That is why they will rise again. They have looked on London long enough to be more than graven images. As sure as peace will one day come again, so sure will the memory of stern endurance and the bravery of simple men set up again all that which baffled hate has battered down. And in that day some of London's spirit will clothe itself again in wood or stone and call itself Gog and Magog.

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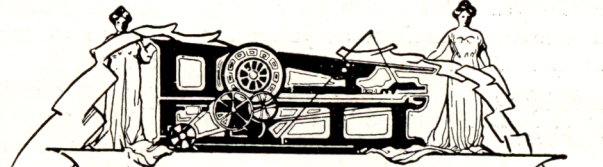
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"THESE FEW"

What kind of men are they of whom the Prime Minister of Britain said "Never in the history of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few"? Sometimes we see their portraits in the newspapers, or hear their voices over the wireless as modestly and hesitantly they tell their tale, but of what stuff are they made, these quiet young men?

Something can be made out from the qualifications they have to show.

Their physical examination must prove them sound of heart and lung and nervous system, with no defect or infirmity. Their eyesight must be good, and special attention has to be paid to their ears, because the sounds of the engines, the gunfire and the quick diving and turning and recovery of a 'plane are very trying.

Airmen are divided into three physical classes: The lean and wiry, some of whom are superlative attackers; the athletic, from whom the best airmen are expected to develop; and the sturdy and beefy, whose reactions are slower than those of the others.

The best fliers of the Spitfires and Hurricanes are aggressive and daring to recklessness. The best bombers, coming from the sturdy class, are deliberate, cool and calm. The best ages are between 20 and 30.

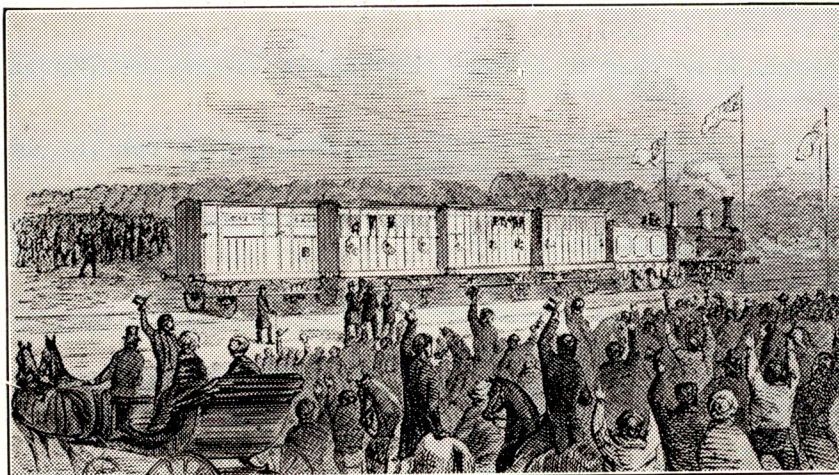
An amazing story of the skill and resourcefulness of a British fighter pilot was lately reported from London. A Hurricane pilot chased a Messerschmitt out to sea, and finding his ammunition exhausted, and determined not to be done out of his "kill" manoeuvred his aeroplane so that the wing-tip touched the enemy's tail unit. By rocking his aeroplane the British pilot broke the tail completely off his opponent's machine, which sent him crashing into the sea below.

—Edward Samuel.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 58.



Arrival of First Train at Parramatta.

THE FIRST RAILWAY

IT was not until 1845 that any serious attention was given to the possibilities of railway transport in New South Wales. In that year there was a definite boom in railway construction in England, and offers were made for investment in railways in this State, nothing, however, was finalised. In 1846 the first attempt was made to form a local company for this work, and in January of that year the following advertisement appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald": "Railroad.—Parties favourable to the construction of railways in New South Wales are requested to meet at the rooms of Mr. Lyons, Charlotte Place, on Thursday next, the 29th instant, at 3 p.m."

This was the beginning of extensive preliminary work in the survey of routes and the floating of a large company. Naturally, in view of the magnitude of the undertaking, work proceeded slowly, and it was not until November, 1848, that the prospectus of the "Sydney Tramroad and Railway Company" was published. The capital of this company was to be £100,000 in £5 shares. Most prominent among those interested in this venture and the hardest working of them all in the progress of the railway was Charles Cowper, to whom must be allotted the greatest credit for the ultimate success of the enterprise.

IN November, 1849, the first general meeting of the shareholders of the Company was held and plans were made for the rapid advancement of the projected lines to various parts of the State. The first section of railway to be constructed was to be from a point near Sydney to Parramatta Junction (now Granville). The first sod of this great undertaking was turned on July 3, 1850, at what was to be the Sydney terminal of the line in part of what was then known as the Cleveland Paddocks, and not far from the present site of the Railway Institute Building. In the "Sydney Morning Herald" of July 4, 1850, a detailed report was given of the historic ceremony, from which account the following extract is taken:—

YESTERDAY was a great day for Australia. The first railway was commenced. It is not now a question whether we shall have railways, but how many miles shall be made every year. Among the thousands who were assembled at the interesting ceremony yesterday, comprising as they did persons of all ranks and conditions, and of every shade of political opinion, we did not hear a doubt expressed as to the success of the undertaking. What a difference has a few months made! Even three months since, few except the determined band who have been long under the guidance of Mr. Charles Cowper, working perseveringly and quietly in the promotion of the Company, thought it possible that we should so soon have seen the actual commencement of the work. Not less than 10,000 persons were present in the pelting rain. The sod was turned by the Hon Mrs. Keith Stewart (the Governor's daughter), who said, on receiving the spade, 'I feel very much honoured and grateful at having been requested to commence a work of such importance to the colony, and which, I earnestly hope, may, under the blessing of Divine Providence, be brought to a successful issue.'

SO did this important work begin, but so difficult did the construction become (mainly due to labour shortage because of the gold rushes) that the line to Parramatta was not completed for five years. Labour had to be imported from England for the work, and, despite liberal assistance from the Government on more than one occasion, the work proved too great for the private company and the venture was taken over by the Government, and the constructional work completed in 1855. The line was officially opened on September 26, 1855. It was a general holiday, and heavy rain did not prevent a huge crowd from attending. When the first train to Parramatta was ready to start the journey at 11.20 a.m. there was a wild rush for seats. The first trip, run non-stop, took some 45 minutes. The fares for the three classes being, respectively, 4/, 3/, and 2/. On the first day more than 3500 passengers travelled on the new line.

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British War Medals



The announcement of the creation of a new mark of honour for men and women in all ranks of civilian life was warmly welcomed from one end of Britain to the other. The George Cross and the George Medal meet a need which was widely felt. They are added to a long series of such distinctions, small discs or stars or crosses of metal, suspended from short strips of coloured ribbon, but as symbols signifying so much.

Now that Britain is facing the prospect of invasion, it is interesting to note that medals for war service were first awarded after the attempt of Spain 350 years ago had been defeated—oval medals in gold, silver or copper bearing the image of Queen Elizabeth in her high ruff, bestowed on those who had distinguished themselves in fighting the Great Armada.

The first army decoration was conferred by Charles I. on Sir Robert Welch, who recovered a captured standard at the Battle of Edgehill in 1642. The first general campaign medal was issued by the other side in the Civil War. This was the Dunbar Medal, which Parliament ordered to be struck to commemorate the extraordinary victory near that town in 1650. It was distributed to all who took part, about 11,000 in number.

The first medal with ribbon of definitely prescribed colours, in this case crimson with green edging, was that awarded in connection with the Battle of Culloden in 1764. The medal awarded for service rendered on the "Glorious First of June," Lord Howe's victory over the French fleet in 1794, provided the pattern

for those issued for more than a hundred naval engagements, including Cape St. Vincent, the Nile and Trafalgar.

They were given only to the higher officers, and the Waterloo medal was the first decoration since the Dunbar medal to be conferred on all ranks. The Duke of Wellington strongly objected to it.

There were bitter quarrels over the question of awards to junior officers and men until Queen Victoria decisively intervened. Before insisting on both military and naval General Service medals in 1848, she tactfully tried to win over Wellington, entering into patient correspondence, but only obtaining from him a respectful non-committal answer. Victoria remained forebearing and diplomatic, but concluded: "On the other hand, the Queen wishes the step to be taken," and the step was taken.

During her reign, and largely owing to her vigorous support, the bestowal of both campaign medals and for individual services became a regular practice. The Victoria Cross, of course, supreme token of gallantry, was her own conception when she had been deeply moved at a parade of Crimean heroes.

She gave close attention to every detail, including precise rules for its bestowal. "For the Brave," the Secretary of War suggested the motto should be. "No," replied the Queen, 'for that would imply only those are deemed brave who have it.'

"For Valour," she decided, and there could not be a more fitting description. —Edward Samuel.

ODDS AND ENDS

Trust the man of figures to astound.

This time, a census of motor vehicles throughout the world discloses that at the end of 1938 there was a mechanically driven vehicle for every 48 persons. Registration totalled 43,078,630 of which 30,000,000 were in America. Excluding the United States, the ratio worked out at one car to every 137 persons. The U.S.A. has one for every five of its population. Come to think of it, why do we worry about trams, trains, etc.

H. G. Wells, famous author, who was in Australia recently, has earned over £200,000 with his writings. The bulk of his fortune came from royalties on his 'Outline of History' which was first published in 1919. It is still the best seller despite two million copies having already been disposed of.

If you were offered as many £1 notes as you could carry away the tally would probably range round about £7,000 worth which represents just on a hundredweight. Don't worry. It is an experiment not likely to be tried on us. There would be too many broken backs!

Have you ever pictured yourself in a 'plane mishap up in the skies and where you were forced to find your own way back to earth, solo? It will, perhaps, be consoling to learn now that science has proved that a man falling from any altitude can never attain a greater speed than 118 m.p.h. Some have attained that speed (at least it seemed so) round the Randwick "ring" on learning the "correct information" just a moment before the start of a race, and they did not come to any harm!

"As slow as an elephant" is a brotherly epithet hurled at one on occasion. How utterly mistaken. The heavy-tonnage habitues of the jungle have been timed to do 24½ m.p.h., when moving at their top. And, champion sprinter Jesse Owen's best effort works out at slightly less than 22 m.p.h.

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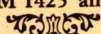
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